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LATIN SCHOOL



Register

MARCH, 1936

VOL. LV

No. 4

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The Register

VOL. LV.

MARCH

No. 4



1936

PUBLISHED MONTHLY EXCEPT JULY, AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER BY
THE STUDENTS OF THE BOSTON PUBLIC LATIN SCHOOL,
AVENUE LOUIS PASTEUR, BOSTON, MASS.

TERMS:—One dollar per year; by mail one dollar and a quarter. Single copies, twenty cents; special copies, price depending on the issue itself. Advertising rates on application. Contributions solicited from under-graduates. All contributions must be plainly, neatly, and correctly written, on one side of the paper only. Contributions will be accepted wholly with regard to the needs of the paper and the merits of the manuscript.

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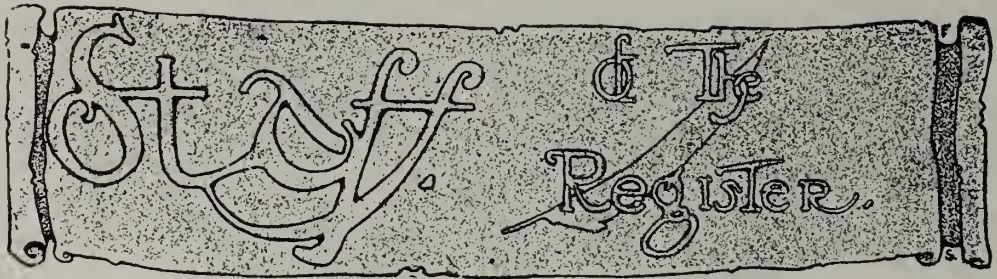
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“Haec in Hoc Libello Continentur”

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THE ALUMNUS—REALISTICALLY

It is a privilege to become an alumnus of the Latin School . . .

Frequently, and especially during the last few years, it has been pointed out by more prominent and better-informed individuals than this humble editorial writer, that the Latin School need not attribute the reputation it bears merely to the fact that it was established in 1635 as the first public school in America. It is a matter of record that B. L. S. has

consistently and conspicuously turned out outstanding men in every field of worthwhile endeavor. Mark us, we do not say brilliant men, but outstanding men. He who obtains a Latin School diploma is necessarily a product of the 'survival of the fittest.' The conditioning received while working for that diploma is undoubtedly responsible in no small degree for his survival in the world of life.

Traditions of the school are not all musty and time-worn; the records that Latin School boys have made are traditions themselves. And so each succeeding year, an added responsibility must be placed upon the young man who goes forth like a modern Galahad, armed with an engraved scroll to tackle the difficulties of higher education. He must live up to the name made by his not-so-distant predecessors. Since alumni of the past have so nobly fulfilled expectations set for them, we see no reason why the alumni of the future should not.

Look at the facts practically and realistically; it is a privilege to become an alumnus of the Latin School.

A. C.

EHEU!

The speaker rose to his feet. Gray-haired, bewhiskered—there he stood. His arms were extended imploringly to the merciful heavens. A deathly silence reigned over all. This dramatic gesture caused a murmur of surprise to escape the lips of the multitude. "Auribus arrectis," the vast assemblage waited. Two syllables expressed the grief, the suffering of long years that had been up in a noble soul.

"Eheu!"

A sob shook his frame. The dyke had burst. A torrent of words, at times incoherent, flowed from a heart mute—so long.

"Justice always triumphs in the end. Selfishly perhaps, I glory in the honor that has fallen to my lot. Within the borders of this broad land, there exists a condition inconceivable to even the most criminal mind. *I* shall reveal the identity of the villains and the plot whereby more than one hundred of our youthful citizens were cheated. Ah, yes, *I* shall be the Avenging Angel.

"My trust in the goodness of human nature is too strong to permit me to believe that such a diabolical scheme originated in other than the mind of Satan. In order to frustrate any such attempts by the Prince of Evil in the future, *I* now solicit your vote for the bill under discussion.

"From time immemorial, there had been in the Public Latin School a venerable and revered custom, beloved by the entire student body . . . declamation. Each and every scholar eagerly anticipated the moment when he might have the opportunity to recite a lengthy selection of prose or poetry. At other times during the year, the home-room period consisted of twenty-seven minutes devoted to clandestine eating; but during declamation week, the demands of the inner man were shamefully neglected.

Perhaps there is a suspicion lurking in your mind that I am prevaricating. . . . Why, when I was a lad, physical combat actually ensued when the master requested volunteers. How well I recall the last time I gasped my piece! In spite of the buffets of my comrades, in spite of the marks so generously bestowed by the teacher, *I* gained the floor. Who can deny that this worthy custom aroused in the youths the desire to surmount all obstacles?"

The memory of these boyhood caprices had touched the old gentleman's heart. He honked his proboscis.

"In violation of all precedent, the class of '36 was forbidden to declaim. Of course, there were a few depraved wretches who hailed this decree joyously, who exultingly declared that they had been freed from bondage. One disconsolate Sage (they say it was the R.R.R.) was heard to express his sorrow by quoting from Tennyson:

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest *one good custom should corrupt the world.*"

"The past is dead. The rascals have sinned with impunity. Let us have an eye to the future. Let us safeguard unborn generations who may be deprived the privilege of enjoying Public Declamation. The very thought horrifies me!"

The speaker paused again, adjusted the folds of his toga (for the benefit of a fair lady in the gallery), and then put emphasis on the fifth word.

"This bill, of which I am the author, will make it a criminal offense to interfere with this time-honored practice. Under my law, if enacted, the perpetrator of such a grievous wrong will be requited with capital punishment. . . ."

A whirring noise . . . a thud . . . a quivering arrow fixed in the floor.

"Who tried to assassinate me?" bellowed the loquacious one.

"Exterminate," corrected the walls with hollow laughter.

None moved. None spake. All slept.

* * * *

Author's Note—The writer hopes that you, the reader, learned a valuable lesson from the moral so carefully concealed in this little tale boasting neither rhyme nor reason.

E. V. M., '36

TIME YOU KNEW!

Once again we must "take our pen in hand" and tread the well-known, hackneyed path. Once more we must weary you with a few words which you have heard so often that you can repeat them almost by heart. But if you will bear with us this once, perhaps it won't be necessary to repeat them.

Recently it came to our attention, with something of a shock, that

we were receiving fewer and fewer contributions from the student body as the months rolled by. We noticed, furthermore, the comparatively small staff representing this same student body. At a loss to know the reason, we questioned several under-classmen as to the apparent lack of interest in the *Register* (for we notice, with pardonable pride, the eagerness with which each issue is awaited) and the other lack—the lack of co-operation and aid from non-members of the staff. We were, therefore, surprised and startled to learn that we are being regarded as autocratic: selfish, self-indulgent, inconsiderate. We learned, to our further dismay, that we never give anybody a chance to have his article printed! Consequently, we were told, nobody sends in his contribution because he knows it won't get in! *This is not true!* You would be surprised at the scarcity of material submitted to Mr. Marson, even more surprised than we have learned to be. As a result of this scarcity, and strange as it may seem, the editors are often *forced* to write articles in order to fill up the pages. However, please do not get the impression that we are excusing ourselves for the presence of any of our writing, for we are proud of our responsibility. But please don't think us selfish. We can't print what we haven't got, but we haven't got it because you don't write it.

As for becoming a member of the staff, there is but one way: Write something; write something else; keep on writing. There are several positions still open, and it's up to you, not us, to fill them. So get busy, won't you, you fellows who are so inclined? Help yourself and help us.

T. S. Warshaw, '36.

WHAT OF OUR MUSIC?

Occasionally the astounding popularity of a somewhat bizarre musical composition, witness the recent "round and round" song, brings forcefully to mind the condition of music in this day and age. The world's music has always been an indication of the intellectual trend of the times; in this respect it is somewhat significant to consider the fact that our period has been called "the age of jazz."

The popular music of today is distinctively an American creation; no other people on earth has the temperament or ability to produce a music like ours. The radio and motion pictures provide ample demand for the sort of music that appeals to the masses, and scores of clever men earn fortunes by producing tunes that reflect the fast pulse of modern life.

A good many musical purists look with scorn on this popular music of ours, and they are no doubt sincere in their objection to our departure from classical standards. To get a clear understanding of the nature of this modern American "music" we must regard it as being not music at all in the strictly classical sense of the word, but merely a sort of rhythmic melody, pleasing to the untrained ear. Virtually all popular songs are of no value musically, just as the greater number of our modern novels are of little real literary value.

Music is, after all, a language of emotion, just as much as is the finest

poetry that has ever been written. A musical masterpiece conveys the emotions of its composer in the most striking manner possible. Music, more than any other medium, moves the soul of man, inspires exultation or dejection, gloom or cheer. Its powers have been recognized for centuries by those who have employed it to arouse patriotism or religious fervor.

In addition to all this, true music is written in accordance with strict rules governing its composition and structure. There are more technicalities involved in its proper composition than in any literary form, making music into a science with laws as exact as any in the realm of physics.

But our popular compositions have none of these soul-stirring powers, nor are they written according to strict fixed laws of composition. They are designed to catch the fancy by the simplest of melodies or by the utter absurdity of their form. And yet they must be taken seriously, for they are samples of the musical taste of the greatest nation in the world.

There is certainly nothing bad or improper in the music of which we hear so much through the mediums of radio and screen. It provides endless relaxation and pleasure; on this account alone it is worthy of existence. Any musical composition which can bring joy and cheer to the hearts of those who are troubled by the worries of the world deserves its popularity; certainly its author is entitled to some return for his contribution to the morale of the country.

It is, however, quite distressing to view the failures of those who attempt to promote legitimate music, and compare them with the financial successes of many who cannot by any stretch of the imagination be referred to as composers or musicians. Ours is, however, a young nation. It is reasonable to expect that, sooner or later, we shall settle down to a realization of what is good and what is useless. There probably will then be a possibility of our making some really worth-while contribution to the music of the world.

J. Harry Lynch, '36

WHY BE CYNICAL?

Oh, how various is the scene	As bugs in sneezes in catarrh;
Whereon we spend our day!—I mean,	The changeful world so full of
Oh, how various is the scene	things,
Allowed to man for his demesne!	From happy deuces down to kings,
But let's get on—Hip, hip, hurray-o!	That each, no matter how distressed
<i>Gloria in excelsis Deo,</i>	May find some thing of interest.
Who gave us such variety	Consider first topography,
That none need discontented be;	Climate and geography:
That each may find his proper niche:	Here's the land and there's the sea;
The poor, the maimed, the wretched	Here's a hill and there's a valley;
rich,	Here's a street and there's an alley;
Oh, how various is the scene!	Here's a mountain capped with snow;
The earth, whose aspects countless	Yonder there's a swell plateau;
are	Here's a forest full of trees;

There's a meadow full of fleas:
 (You know exactly what I mean)
 Here is Paris, there is Rome;
 Hither's Newark, thither's Nome;
 Here is Kansas, yonder's Cork;
 Here is Cairo, there's New York;—
 Oh, how various is the scene!
 (You know exactly what I mean)
 Well, here it's cold, there it's hot;
 Here it's raining, there it's not;
 Here it's North and there it's South:
 Yon it's wet, but here, what drouth!
 Here the Tiger eats raw meat;
 There the Walrus flaps his feet;
 Here it's dark and there it's light;
 First comes day, and then comes
 night;
 Here it's solid, yon it's air;
 Here it's here, and there it's there:—
 Oh, how various is the scene
 Allowed to man for his demesne,
 So full of this and that and them,
 That living is a perfect gem.

* * *

Turn we now the other cheek,
 And note how various is the week:

Now it's Thursday, now it's Sunday,
 Now it's Friday, now it's Monday—
 (Blessed be His lavish ways:
 There are even other days!)
 Tuesday, Saturday and Friday:—
 None is **your** day, none is **my** day;
 Each belongs to one and all—
 Sick or well or great or small;—
 Oh, how various is the scene
 Whereon we live—well, what I mean
 Is—wretched, poor or blind, or lame,
 Sing we praises to His name!

Now in ecstasy we trace
 The aspects of the human race:
 Some are men and some are women:
 Some—well, anyhow they're human:
 Some are short and some are tall;
 Some are big and some are small;

Some are dark and some are fair;
 Some are bald and some have hair;
 Some have all their teeth, but most
 To dentists go and eat milk toast:—
 Oh, how various is the scene!—
 (You know exactly what I mean.)
 Well, some are lean and some are fat;
 Some are this and some are that;
 Some eat kidneys, some eat frogs;
 Some keep horses, some keep dogs;
 Some have money, some have hives;
 Some have hope and some have
 wives;
 Some to crime for profit go;
 Some hold office, high or low;
 Some have crust, and some have
 gout;
 Some like home, but most go out.

* * *

Oh, how various is the scene
 Allowed to man for his demesne,
 That each, no matter what his blows,
 May find a poultice for his woes;
 May drive his pains or bills away,
 With tiger, walrus, night or day;
 With North or South or East or West,
 May choose which one to him is best:
 With Latvia or Roumania,
 Greece or Pennsylvania,
 Newark, Paris, Akron, Cork,
 Cairo, Oslo, or New York;
 With Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday,
 Sunday,
 Thursday, Saturday, or Monday;
 With tall or short or stern or slack,
 Or those who like their coffee black;
 With those in tweed, or those in
 serge;
 With those who dare, or on the verge;
 With cold or hot or fat or lean—
 Oh, how various is the scene!—
 So full of so and so and so,
 That none, come weal or woe, woe,
 woe,
 Amid such swell variety
 Can ever discontented be.

Albert E. Hayes, Jr., '38

UNCLE BILLY'S CROW

I trust that the memory of William K. Norton, beloved master who retired last year, will never leave the school. We shall always remember him for his lovable mannerisms, and there will always be someone who recalls this and that little incident about him.

There is one precious story that came to me from a very unexpected source, not long ago, that should be of interest to Mr. Norton himself. It was told to me by a Boston lawyer whose younger brother had been a pupil in Mr. Norton's class back in the early 1900's. We will call my informer Mr. M . . . for convenience.

It seem that Mr. M . . . lived with his brothers and parents on a farm near Boston, raising chickens as a specialty, and, in addition, a certain amount of corn in the fields. The younger brother of the family seems to have gotten into the good graces of his master in some manner, for Mr. Norton honored him with an intimacy not afforded most of his pupils. The two must have discussed the farm upon which the boy lived among other things.

One day, Mr. Norton confided to young Mr. M . . . that he had at home a crow which he had tamed. He had found the crow injured some time before, and taken it home until it was well. But the crow didn't seem disposed to leave at all. It became quite domesticated, and Mr. Norton had become accustomed to it around the house, like a cat or a dog.

However, the end of the school term was approaching, and Mr. Norton was contemplating a trip during

the summer. He brought the crow to young Mr. M . . ., who promised to take care of it during the owner's absence. The boy brought it to his home. Mr. Norton never saw it again. Perhaps he might sometimes wonder what became of it, the small bird he entrusted to his pupil.

The boy took it home, where he kept it with the chickens in the coops. The bird grew to the size of a large rooster, continually fighting with the chickens, always the victor in his combats. Even the venerable roosters themselves had to be wary of the crow, which could strike and fly away to the branches of overhanging trees. The crow became the terror of the chickens in all the coops, for it could fly from one to another, menacing the poor fowls until, no doubt, they lost weight.

The crow was free to come and go as he desired. Sometimes he would disappear for days, always to return to the chagrin of the fowls. Often, he would summon other crows to his home, and invite them to help themselves to the corn in the fields. Hospitable as he was, these habits were hardly profitable to the M . . . family. But I will say that, in spite of it all, the boy kept his promise. He took good care of the crow.

But the bird developed plans of its own. Whether he grew tired of the domesticated life, or whether some rooster made him feel like a stranger there, or whatever it was I do not know; but the crow decided he'd pack up his bags and leave at the beginning of the second summer. He was never seen again.

Mr. M . . . knows much about birds' habits. Concluding his story, he remarked that it was his opinion that the crow had merely found itself a mate, who, like a woman, dragged him away to a new life.

I hope Mr. Norton will enjoy the account, should he read it. I am sure he won't find fault with the treatment his pet received. Indeed, the bird was a constant source of worry to the family, but it always had its

home until it chose to leave it of its own accord.

The story of the crow interested me very much. It was just one of those little incidents in "Uncle Billy's" life, one that he would never mention himself . . . but it shows the largeness of his heart. So big it was that even a black crow was able to find a place in it! Among other things, we may remember William K. Norton as the man who tamed a crow.

Norman Alfred Ober, '36

HOW A LATIN SCHOOL STUDENT MAY BE DISTINGUISHED

(Note: Almost every person has some little eccentricity of his own; if he has one of the following, it means nothing—but if he has all of the forthcoming characteristics, you may be positive that he comes from B. L. S.)

1. A hard callous on the palm of the left hand. This comes from carrying a briefcase, and even right-handed boys have the callous on their left palms.

2. A soft, navy-blue callous on the middle finger of one hand, usually the right hand. This is the result of frequent writing with a leaky fountain pen, and naturally comes on the thumb side of the finger.

3. Baggy knees on pants, (trousers, to you) and also a mirror-like finish on the seat of same. These are the natural consequences of sitting on hardwood chairs for about five hours each day.

4. One point of the shirt-collar is usually inside the neck of the sweater and the other is out. There is no apparent reason for this style of dress.

5. The subject eats hurriedly, with a tendency towards use of finger forks. This is explained by the fact that the boy eats a rush breakfast, and also bolts his lunch, so that he will

have the rest of the period to complete neglected homework.

6. The subject's handwriting is decipherable only by himself (at times) and by the teachers, who are experts at decoding home lessons. (Mr. Weinert carries a small magnifying glass for this purpose.)

7. He does not cross out words, and then rewrite them correctly, but merely adds or changes the necessary letters. The reason for this, and also characteristic number six, is that these save time, a vital factor in the tremendous tests given in the school.

8. His hair is almost always unruly. This is because the direction of the hair root is changed by the tearing of the hair during tests.

9. Subjects usually have ink stains around the shirt pocket. Reason, absent-mindedly putting uncapped fountain pen in shirt pocket.

10. Have also a slight quiver in left arm, from continually looking at wrist watch, to determine end of period.

11. Always ready to talk on any subject, from ad-libbing recitations.

12. Lastly, speaks in a loud voice, from trying to converse above the noises of crowded street cars.

R. W. Alman, '38

THE WALL OF GOLD

Shane Heath has been taught what an infinite and a powerful force is nature. He has been taught, and he has learned well, that man is as naught before the most minute of the creatures of God. Today he spends the greater part of his time sitting at his club window, looking down at the endless flow of traffic on the busy street far below. If you are among the uninitiated, you will be button-holed by him, and he will gaze at you with his sunken, sombre eyes and lecture you on the smallness of man and his material goals. He will lecture you for hours if, as I say, you are among the uninitiated. And if you are curious, you may wonder to what heights or to what depths a man has been in order to have developed such a perspective of the human race as has Shane Heath.

* * *

Young Shane Heath in grimy duck pants, khaki shirt, and ragged sun-helmet, stood on a rat-ridden wharf in Ciudad on the Orinoco River. Bel-lowing lustily in the native tongue of the savage Colombians, he gave orders to a group of sweating black stevedores who were transferring his possessions from the decrepit river-boat in which he had come up the river to a sleek and swift native canoe. The possessions were bright-colored beads, copper wire, rusty hatchets, on the one hand, and an out-dated Springfield and ammunition for the same on the other. The former were to trade for the gold he was after—it was rather a swindle; the latter were to protect it.

Shane left the workers, sat on a piling and lit his pipe. He laughed

aloud as he thought of the golden treasure. It was up the river on the arms of ignorant natives, adorning their huts, their temples of worship; it was there, and he would get it. It was there for the taking. All you had to do was to walk in, scatter a few handfuls of beads, or a couple of hatchets, and get their weight in gold. Very neat and very simple—and very, very profitable. Get it down the river, hammer it flat, and smuggle it in through Mexico. And the best part was that it would take only one trip to make a fortune—just this one trip.

His mind full of these golden dreams, Shane gathered the rowers from their spots in the shade of the old wharf buildings, where they slept during the hot noon hours. He paid the stevedores and turned to his canoe. He was straining to be off. As the canoe, propelled by the heavy paddles swung in perfect rhythm by the gleaming black arms, turned into the current, he sank down into the shade afforded by a tattered awning overhead. The thoughts of the sought-for treasure rippled through his mind like the rippling muscles under the ebon-like satiny hides before him.

The gold was there: Shane knew it; dozens of other adventurers like himself knew it. But whoever had tried to get it had come armed to the teeth. They had come with flaming guns and roaring bombs—and they had been beaten off with poisoned arrows and force of numbers. Well, Shane was an humanitarian. Yes, he'd give them something besides whistling bullets and bombs for their

golden hoard. He'd give them bright-colored beads, copper wire to be beaten into amulets and bracelets, rusty hatchets. Surely he was not to blame if he accrued a fortune on the transaction. Maybe his glass beads were a fortune to the natives.

Just as these thoughts glided through his brain on the current of gold, so did the canoe glide along in midstream. Over the sluggish current there leaned such trees, their branches interwoven with ivy and bursting blossoms, as Shane had never seen. On either side of him the jungle, heavy and impenetrable, seemed to ignore his presence with its majestic aloofness. Screaming monkeys swung from branch to swaying branch. Birds of Paradise, with their gorgeous plumage all aruff, seemed to shriek their disapproval of the intruder. All these, together with the riotous profusion of vari-colored tropical flowers, were to Shane but a flickering cinema behind which there loomed the great golden treasure which was to bring him luxury, cars, servants, wines. These he saw clearly.

The blistering sun overhead sank from sight behind the green walls of the canyon of trees. The frightening tropical night fell like a blanket, and the great silver and orange disk that was the moon rose to take its place in the star-strewn sky. Thus ended the first day's journey, as the boat drew to the river edge and the crew of rowers and Shane prepared to pitch camp for the night.

Many suns passed over the green canyon as Shane continued down the river. Many little villages were passed, and at each Shane would stop and leave presents to make his return journey easier. And at each Shane would notice that gold ornaments

were worn in careless profusion. And the farther he progressed into the depths of the wilderness, the more gold did he see. But his greed drove him on, seeking a larger village where there was enough gold to equal the weight of his glass beads and his copper wire and his hatchets. The trees, the animals, the gorgeous foliage were all forgotten, hidden from him by the glittering wall of gold he had built around his mind's eye. It obsessed him like an opiate, dulling his senses to everything but its ever present image. He dreamed of it as he slept beneath his mosquito netting at night and in the day as he dozed in the heat under his tattered awning. The picturesque landscape, melting its clashing colors into an harmonious whole, that would have set to tingling the nerves of even the most artless and hardened of men, made no impression on the glittering wall.

Thus, late one afternoon, when the red ball of fire set in the clear vault of sky, was sinking again over the treetops, there came into view around a bend in the narrowing river a village larger than those Shane had seen hitherto. Here he decided to stop, glean his treasure, and leave as soon as possible. With long sweeps of the paddles, the boat shot forward at Shane's command, and soon, with a scraping jolt, came to a sudden halt on the muddy shore. Shane leaped over the side to face a crowd of babbling natives, at whose head, unmistakable by his enormous stature and colorful regalia, stood the chief. Shane advanced a few steps and held up his hand in a sign of peace.

"I come in peace to trade," he said.

"Peace, white man. I am Roanji, head of the Leujweh. The sun sinks in the West, stay, camp. We will

trade tomorrow." The tall figure of the black retreated and held up his hand in peace.

But Shane was not to be put off. The gold was there all about him; he wanted it quickly—now. He wanted to take it now without waiting. He could see no need to wait.

"I want but little, Roanji. We will exchange, weight for weight, my pretty beads and your yellow metal. Let us trade now before the setting of the sun. I must make haste. That is all I have come for. Before the moon rises, I want to be on my way."

As Shane spoke, fires woke in the breast of Roanji, head of the Leujweh. That his offer of food and rest and hospitality was refused was a deep insult to him. This white man was so eager to be off with his yellow metal that the glamor of the night, the whispering of the wind in the treetops, the mellow song of the mating birds, all these had no call to him. It occurred to the native shrewdness of the man, that that which the white man could desire above rest and food and the soothing tropical beauty after a tiring journey must indeed be of value. Therefore, he reasoned, the man was dishonest. He must want something more than his, Roanji's worthless yellow metal. Therefore, Roanji would take steps to prevent any robbery. He would also teach this white man of the beauty and the power of nature. He would teach him that whatever he wished to acquire was indeed inferior to the power of nature.

While Shane Heath waited there impatiently for his answer, Roanji turned his back to him and made quick signals to the men before him. Without a word they bore him struggling and screaming to the ground.

With thongs of leather they trussed him tightly and bound him to little stakes in the ground and left him there writhing to free himself. Roanji looked down at him placidly.

"White one," he said, "you and I are as naught. Every flower, every tree, every buzzing insect of the deep jungle is mightier than we. I and my race know it well. You are about to learn." Without another word he turned and left.

To Shane Heath that night was a thousand Hells. Every creeping thing, brought by the scent of his blood, found its way to him as he lay there and bore down on the golden wall that he had built for himself. They gnawed and bit and undermined, and Shane, writhing to the sting of every bite, felt the gold falling on him, crushing him. He was choked with it and he could not cry out. The huge moon seemed to roll across him, crushing the wall down on him with its awful weight; burying him forever under its deathly weight. All that night that seemed like an endless eternity, Shane felt the ceaseless pressure of it on him, falling bit by bit.

At the dawn Roanji came and looked but Shane had not seen him. His fevered eyes were glued to the splendor of the rising sun. The pressure of the golden crumbings had not yet overcome him, but the sun bent anew to the task. And now its flaming rays bore down on the metal and softened it and made it hot so that it burned its livid way into his flesh and the fibre of his being and the depths of his soul. The molten metal became a part of him and flowed through his veins until his muscles contracted and shrivelled and his throat was like the gateway to Hell.

Shane felt himself in some unconscious entity slipping along in the flood of the molten gold. He was a part of it, burning, choking, drowning in it, slipping, slipping, slipping along in its torrid embrace, the embrace of melted remnants of his golden wall. And the furnace beneath and above and around him was heavy with the

reek of his smoking flesh. He was slipping, slipping . . .

It was Roanji who lifted him and placed him in the canoe and gave terse orders to the rowers. Roanji was satisfied. He had taught his lesson well. The wall of gold has crumbled and Shane Heath is marked by nature.

Wilbur Doctor, '36

CANDID CAMERA!

LATIN RECITATION IN SIX ACTS



I

Curses! That page would stick!



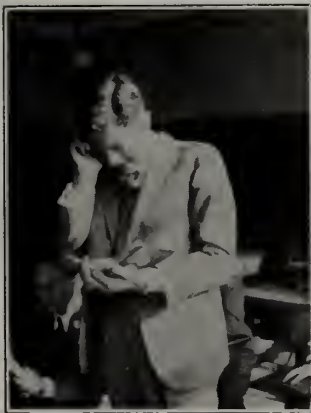
II

Recite?
O tempora, O mores,
O nuts!



III

But you know
I did it, sir!



IV

Gr-r! I wish I were a Latin!



V

Favorite indoor sports:
bluffing.



VI

O well! What's a zero
among friends?

STAGE, SCREEN, AND GALLERY

Sumner E. Turetzky, '36

It takes a genuinely sad picture to wring a tear from the eyes of this battle-scarred cynic; but recently, when the lights went on, he was surprised to find himself knee-deep in brine. The occasion was the request showing of Victor McLaglen's splendid "The Informer" at a downtown theater. Superbly directed by John Ford, it was almost unanimously voted the best picture of 1935 by American critics.

It is the story of the Black and Tans in Ireland, and of "Gypo," the man who, for twenty pounds, betrayed and sent to his death his best friend. His treachery threatens the existence of the Sinn Fein movement in Dublin, and they are forced to exterminate him, despite his friendship, to save themselves. It is a splendid character study and affords McLaglen a real chance to show his mettle. That he takes full advantage of it is beyond dispute.

* * *

Two best sellers are now being prepared for the screen. Warner Brothers have laid tentative plans for "Anthony Adverse," which include the casting of Claude Rains as Don Luis. More certain, however, are the announcements of M. G. M.'s filming of "The Good Earth." Paul Muni is playing the part of "Wang," Chinese peasant hero of Pearl Buck's novel, while Luise Rainer does "O-Lan," his wife. Five hundred acres of land near Chatsworth, California, have been planted with rice and wheat, and the countryside has been completely altered to resemble a Chinese landscape, even to water wheels and irrigation canals.

A new star appeared in the operatic firmament recently in the person of Marjorie Lawrence. Making her debut in "Das Gotterdammerung," she gave an interesting, if not perfect rendition of the wilful Brunhilde. Although she has the rudiments of a very fine dramatic voice, much training will be needed to attain that sensuousity so necessary to Wagner. However, as she is only twenty-eight and very inexperienced, a truly great future may yet be in store for her.

Probably the most colorfully executed scene in the opera was that of Alberich's dream, where the dwarf, brilliantly played by Edward Habich, divulges his plan for killing Siegfried. Beginning with a malignant whisper, he becomes more and more angry and excited, until finally, when he is almost beside himself with rage, his victim appears in the distance. The usual high spot of the opera, the Immolation Scene, was rather poorly done, however, and the orchestra, under Mr. Bodanzky, seemed very unsatisfactory in both warmth and technique. Let us hope that the latter will be improved in time for its Boston visit.

* * *

The company will arrive in this city on March 23, and its program as it now stands, is to be extremely conservative. Not a single American or English composer is represented, and the management seems to be falling back on the old box office draws. Probably the most important, musically, will be "Tristan and Isolde." This and "Tannhauser" will constitute the Wagnerian part of the program, and Kirsten Flagstad, the sensational

young Norwegian soprano, is promised as Isolde. Supporting her in "Tristan" are Karin Branzell, Lauritz Melchior, Friedrich Schoor, and Emanuel List. Another feature of the week will be the presentation of Beethoven's little-heard "Fidelio," with Miss Flagstad and René Maison. The other operas to be heard are "Aida," "Butterfly," "Mignon," "Carmen," and "Rigoletto."

* * *

Boston could, with far less pain, have bid farewell to the rest of the cast of "Cyrano de Bergerac" than to Walter Hampden, when that actor, but a few Saturdays ago presented his last performance of Cyrano in this city.

Those who here saw their first Cyrano with Hampden must have derived no little pleasure from the extra whimsicalities which the famous actor added. For instance, the reference to his "golden clarion" brought forth from that instrument two mellow blasts and a series of beautifully modulated peeps. Again, in the second act, some very absurd tomfooleries culminating in a purposely misplaced accent in "So **this** is Paris!" had the audience in stitches.

In regard to performance, there is little that can be said. Mr. Hampden himself was spontaneous and natural, with an ease that bespoke long familiarity, but the only other really worth while member of the cast was Hannam Clark, who played Ragleneau. Mr. Clark did a delightful character bit as the baker-poet, but the rest of the cast was poor.

It is regrettable that this had to be Mr. Hampden's last Cyrano, but there was wisdom in stopping, as he

did, at the peak of success. Whatever now happens, Walter Hampden's "Cyrano de Bergerac" will always be regarded as a masterpiece.

* * *

Recently donated to the Museum of Fine Arts by Robert Treat Paine, 2nd, Vincent van Gogh's "The Postmaster Roulin" has caused more widespread comment than any other acquisition in recent years.

Van Gogh is a member of the Expressionist school of design, a group which uses (and sometimes mis-uses) nature to bring out their own ideas. This characteristic of distortion for emphasis is very evident in "The Postmaster Roulin," and is likely to give the conservative a considerable shock.

In this picture we find a heavily bearded man in a shrieking blue postman's uniform almost silhouetted against a cerulean background. His left hand, entirely out of perspective, rests on a startlingly green table, and a mangled right on the arm of a chair. But the face explains it all; strangely Charles Laughtonish in expression, there is a beauty in its very ugliness. Sorrow and intelligence stand out in the blue eyes and furrowed brow, and sympathy lurks in the sensitive mouth. We begin to see the reason for the distortion, for the lack of perspective and the crashing colors. **They are the postman.** Any other portrayal would be false. This is **life.**

And that's the way to look at a Van Gogh! They're different, and they must be approached differently. Forget all you've ever learned about color, form and design; come in with an open mind, assimilate it, consider it honestly, and—see the light!

RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER



Jan. 6 — They laughed when Strauss stood up to speak on "Chekhov." When he finished, you should have seen them check out. . . . Flip-pant humor was evident today as the little match kings of the Coin Club met in Room 214.

Jan. 7 — Albums invited to the Stamp Club today, where Mr. Quinn referee-ed a tong war between two factions of the society. It all hinged on the preference of some for strawberry dextrin over the ordinary glue-some variety. Make ours caramel fluff! . . . Mr. Shea comes along with this typical bit of repartee: "You're not a dumb-bell: a dumb-bell has two heads!" . . . Worming our weary way through the throng outside Mr. O'Leary's room, we discovered the cause of the excitement. Norwood we want to conceal it either: the try-outs for the debate with co-ed-ridden Norwood High School were being held.

Jan. 8 — Mr. Winslow, harassed by some favorite hecklers, remarked: "You may have been bred on Beacon

Hill, but you're only crumbs here." And speaking of bread, Dowd believes that half a loaf is better than none.

Jan. 9 — We saw stars, and Levenson heard the birdies sing, but they weren't nightingales. He spoke on "Stellar Mechanics." Say, whatever gets broken up there, anyway? . . . Excellent moving pictures in Mr. Carroll's room today, only we didn't see them. Why? The machine wouldn't work!

Jan. 10 — Latin School debated English High on "Powers of the Supreme Court." . . . This week's riddle for torpescent troglodytes: Why does a miller wear a white hat? *Answer:* For to keep his head warm. Heh! Heh! Not only the breezes are balmy!

Jan. 13 — What made the Debating Club so conspicuous today? We know: Ober was absent. My, how that room resounded with silence. . . . Immediately following the lunch bell, Mr. Henderson, wrapped in French newspapers, jumped up and exclaimed, in his most eloquent, declamatory manner: "Now tell me, why are you eating?" Verily, did we laugh.

Jan. 14 — We had an awful fit today—not of laughter nor of tears. The class jeweller came down—not with the mumps, not with the measles, but with our rings. And as for us, well—we weren't wrinkled, we weren't bent,—we were just broke.

Jan. 15 — With everlasting pride we accord the fruit of this month's mastergram contest, a combination bathtub, handle-less lawnmower, and bear-trap, to that popular re-

strainer of our boundless humor, Mr. Marson. When a certain reckless pupil of his told him he was a wise-cracker, Mr. Marson retorted brightly: "I may be an educator, but don't try any of your loose wiles on me!"

Jan. 16 — At the track meet at the Newton Street Armory, our own little Riesman finished in a blaze of glory. He carried off a magnificent fourth in the 1000-yard run. Of course, there were only four in the race, but that's a minor point.

Jan. 17 — Nothing daunted by the bulletin ordering all pupils out of the building by 2.40, the R.R.R. hid his ponderous figure behind the window-pole to wait until all had left. Came the eleventh hour! Armed with his (t)rusty rocket-pistol, he ventured out in the hall, only to be confronted by "The Menace!" Thinking it was only Gillette, our hero scuttled up the monster's back, chortled, "Heh-heh!" and tore off his mask. It was—Mr. Coffee-Nerves! Moral: Don't bite your nails! Look what happened to poor Venus.

Jan. 20 — Very little school! . . . On second thought, the school wasn't so little; it was the attendance. . . . Told to use our judgment, we immediately crawled back to bed, but were soon forcibly ejected. We had to use our parents' judgment. As Mr. Scully so aptly remarked: "Snow use!"

Jan. 21 — Fallon's trick foot fell asleep again today, and then ran away with him. "It was a walk-away," said Eddo. "I'm just practising for the Prom." . . . Heard in the waste-basket: "It isn't the cough that carries you off, it's the coffin they carry you off in."

Jan. 22 — Meeting of the "Regis-

ter" staff. We are pleased to note that we now have two (2) second-classmen writing for the paper. Nice of them, too. . . . It was decided that for the humor number, a picture of the staff would be presented for your amazement. . . . Mr. Quinn longs for the wild and woolly West. When interrupted by the bell while pointing out western routes, he exclaimed: "Boys! Remind me to take the Santa Fé Trail Tomorrow!" Came a chorus of replies: "Oh, sir, Heaven forbid!"

Jan. 23 — That eminent carpet-beater and pen-wiper, Turetzky, at a gruelling meeting of the Math. Club, dished it out again with his talk on "Serialism." A howling mob of seven people was present: the president, the first four vice-presidents, the secretary, and the custodian, who happened to be sweeping the room.

Jan. 27 — Attention! Beware the trouser-tearing epidemic. It seems that several boys have been having a ripping good time lately. Only last week, while taking off his goloshes, White was surprised to find his pantaloons standing about him. In order to save his face, he rushed around the building looking for a safety pin, and as a result, his breath came in short pants. And now today, Turetzky, bursting with good cheer, came smiling thru, but helpful Mr. Shea came to his assistance with a smock.

Jan. 28 — Physics Club meeting, Greenberg, with great gusto, spoke on "The Physics of the Weather Forecast." Although the talk came one day too late, henceforth we can predict hot air spells at the meetings. . . . We beg to report a meeting of the Chess and Checker Club. There were no pictures taken, so only four

members showed up. Two Tsk's!

Jan. 29 — They're getting fast and furious in Mr. F. C. Cleary's room. Here's one that happened today. After distributing intermittently several marks to one sad-eyed individual, Mr. C. said: "Levy, you have four plus marks." "Three plus, sir," quoth Levy. "Oh, no," retorted Mr. C., "I'm giving you an extra one for

interest." "Oh, sir," quoth Levy, "but I'm not interested!" . . . And finally, there were several interesting remarks from the Master: *Exeunt omnes*.

Jan. 30 — At last! The lunch shifts are to be changed around. Now we can get a knife to eat our beans with, instead of using our hands. Soft, we call it!

Registri Furens Nuntius.

MEMORABILIA

Through the Years with the "Register"

February, 1901: Inscription on the "Register's" cover: "CLASS DAY NUMBER; so-called because herein is contained a **true account** of the CLASS DAY EXERCISES, all very delightfully retold."

There was a new department established in the "Register" that month, "The Kicker's Column," subtitled, "I'm Agin' It." Beneath this was written: "(The Editors hold themselves in no way responsible for matter published here. Contributions are solicited from members of the school.)" A few lines down we found this: "Imagine it! Slang in the "Register"! Horrors! How the insidious slang term gets into the most select journalistic columns." . . . And "the Editors hold themselves in no way responsible . . ."

"A private school in Boston has just issued a circular which most of us have seen. We noticed that the school's coat-of-arms is three ponies and the motto, 'Nil Desperandum'. Well, what we want to know is who would despair with three trots?"

February, 1906: "Detesting Latin and Greek as he did, nevertheless he succeeded in passing from the middle

of one class to the top, thence into the next, and one short year after his entrance, when about to be promoted into the third class, he left the school," was written in an editorial on Benjamin Franklin. We may be wrong, but it is commonly thought among the student body that the illustrious Ben was expelled for deficiency in his studies . . . And here's one that might well have been written in recent years:

"To the Repeater"

I envy you, and I must say
You get your lessons every day
Before we reg'lar fellows do,
Who've hardly any time to play;
But when, each night, **your** work is
done,—

Ours is but to labor on!

And yet it's not so queer

'Cause my big brother Bob,—last
year

He envied you.

February, 1911: An advertisement: "Harvard Dental School, a department of Harvard University . . . Graduates of secondary schools admitted without examination provided they have taken required subjects. Modern buildings and equipment, four year

course begins September, 1911. Degree of D.M.D. Catalog." Things are a little different now . . . And even then: " 'One, two, three, fo-o-ur; one, two, three, fo-o-ur; hey, there! You're out o' step!' It's begun all over again. The agony of marching over that slippery gym floor! It's positively killing—on the morals and on the feet. And yet, after spending forty-five minutes on that hardwood, mahogany, redwood, iron, steel, cement, brick (take your choice) floor, someone is sure to remark, 'What do you do for exercise?'"

" 'Although the age at which pupils are graduated from high schools is advancing steadily, the graduates seem excessively immature. Their callowness becomes painfully apparent when they are compared with young people of corresponding age who have been employed in paid labor. This comparison may be unfair, but certainly high school graduates do not commonly, through conduct or accomplishment, in ideas or expression betray any mental maturity sufficient to entitle them to share the company of men and women'."

February, 1916: "The fourth public declamation of the year took place before classes two and four on Friday, February 1, 1916. The program was varied, though many of the old but not so favored ones were present for the first time. Hugo, Wallace, and Kipling were in their allotted places. There was also a selection by a gentleman named Anonymous. By far the most important event of the day was that Class II occupied Class I seats. There was considerable brow-lifting and expansion of chests among the young plebians." In 1629, Indians occupied and claimed for their own the territory which is now Boston. Shortly thereafter the Puritans arrived. The next important happening was the birth of the Latin School. We wonder if some of the younger members of this institution really know the status of the Boston Latin School among the high and prep schools of the nation. In fact, can any of us realize the immense value we are deriving from daily association with the school and its excellent instructors."

Leonard S. Burkat

ALUMNI NOTES

In view of the fact that the current issues of the "Register" is entitled the "Alumni Issue" your correspondent was forced to adopt the role of a snooper to discover information concerning the illustrious sons of our "Alma Mater." The fruits of our unyielding efforts are recorded in the following paragraphs.

Back in '28 there was a young man, Isenberg by name, who astounded the faculty and the student body by declaring that he was not a "normal boy." Today, eight years after he

made that statement, Mr. Isenberg is an instructor of Philosophy at Cornell. He also has the distinction of being one of the youngest members of the faculty at that picturesque university, which nestles in the hills far above Cayuga's waters. It is one thing to declare that one is not a "normal boy," but quite another to vindicate one's claims by actual achievements as Mr. Isenberg has so successfully done.

Then there was a young man in the class of '32 named "Phil" Kelly, who

matriculated at an obscure Canadian University, secured a degree in two years, and has been a student at the Harvard Law School since.

William Adler, dynamic president of the class of '29, has made an enviable record for himself since his graduation. He attended Harvard, and, upon completion of his course of study there, went to the law school of the same University. All the time that Mr. Adler has been pursuing his studies he has been a leading salesman for one of Boston's largest photographers.

Although much has been said about the Latin School grads who matriculate at Harvard, little attention is given to those fellows who become sons of old Eli. Lee Harris and "Tom" Manning, both of the class of '32, are very likely candidates for Phi Beta Kappa honors, while "Vin" Brogna, '34, and "Red" Rottenberg and Irving Fanger, '35, are doing well at the New Haven institution. Lester Kohn, '32, is another gentleman who is a candidate for Phi Beta Kappa honors there.

While most of our "grads" are leading a humdrum existence pursuing their studies or an ever elusive job, Roys of the class of '31 has sought romance and adventure as a globe-trotter. The last communication received from him disclosed that he was revisiting the scenes of the exploits of that famed bandit, Pancho Villa.

"Mel" Falkoff and "Kitty" Ketten-dorf are both members of the Tech boxing team.

Several members of last year's track team performed at the recent K. of C. track meet. "Vin" Santosuosso ran a fine anchor leg for the Holy Cross freshman relay team . . . "Lenny" Weiner, co-captain of last year's team is now attending Boston University, while John Powers is one of "Jack" Ryder's proteges out at the Heights . . . "Dave" Gavin was back visiting the old school recently. He reports that "Joe" Foley, up at Holy Cross, is still burning up the books, while "Red" Radley is burning up the profs . . . Wilfred Kaplan, '32, achieved the remarkable feat of completing his course of study for an A.B. degree in three years. Some of us have enough trouble getting out of high school in five or six years without breezing through college in three. "Willy" is now attending Harvard Law School . . . Paul Moore, one of the popular members of last year's fine class, is Secretary of the freshman class at B. C. . . . "Lippy" Lipow, '33, is now Assistant Manager of the Oriental Theater in Mattapan . . . "Harry" Alexander, '29, after four long years at Harvard, is now touching up his medical career at Tufts . . . Gleason L. Archer, '34, is certainly having a wonderful time at Harvard. Latest reports have it that he is taking Latin, Greek, Sanskrit, and Hebrew. Whew! . . . You probably have heard about George Santayana's recently-published book, "The Last Puritan." Mr. Santayana, a world-famous philosopher, is of Latin School, vintage of '81. Even the most blasé critics are raving over the book.

Allan S. Joseph

THE SAGA OF AGOG

A few select persons and a few bored teachers have heard portions of The Saga of Agog, who is not, by the way, associated with the Biblical gentleman of that name. Agog antedated him by fifty thousand years. Now, for the benefit of those who are breathlessly awaiting, I will retell the story in my own inimitable way.

Agog was a low-brow—which does not mean he was not a member of society. He and a few other souls comprised all the society in the immediate vicinity (unless, of course, you counted the sabre-tooth tiger down the valley—and his visits were never exactly social calls). No, when I speak of Agog as a low-brow, I am treating of his anatomy. Agog was a measly youth with sloping shoulders, disgusting manners, and a distressing amount of hair on his flea-bitten chest.

This Beau Brummel of 50,000 B.C. was the possessor of many highly complex and totally useless ideas. We would call him a “genius.” The chief of his Tribe, the blight of his existence, called him lazy. The Chief was a sour, overbearing, ancient individual of thirty summers, whose chief possessions were a highly pugnacious disposition and a battle-axe. Agog disliked both heartily, but tactfully held his tongue. The Chief had more than once aired the view that Agog was as useless as a flea on a Mexican hairless, and if our young hero didn’t do something to earn his keep, he, Umphguzzle, big chief, would see that he stopped cluttering up the landscape.

Their animosity grew to a point one bright June day, when the Tribe was sitting around their cave en-

trance, listlessly gnawing Eohippus (See Encyclopaedia Britannica, Vol. LV, pp. 658-735). The Chief was sitting in front of his cave, moodily munching his share (half the horse). Agog sat down near him. Agog had been trying to work up courage to ask the Chief for the hand of his daughter Josephine. Josephine isn’t very important in this story, and Agog will have to wait till the next installment before he gets her.

The Chief cocked a morose eye at our hero and said, “Git!”, and started eating again.

“Ah”, said Agog by way of beginning the conversation.

“Grr”, said the Chief. He got up and swayed toward Agog. Agog got up also and swayed rapidly in the other direction.

“I—that is—I thought—” said Agog, who felt that the conversation wasn’t getting anywhere.

“Bad habit!” grunted the Chief, who grasped the youth and peevishly threw him against a rock. Agog bounced.

A while later Agog was sitting in his own cave picking his teeth with his knife. He felt that the Chief had been a trifle hasty and that there was still a chance of winning favor—though he also thought of Josephine. If he didn’t do something quickly, there would be a plain unmarked grave in the valley, and the Chief would be looking for another opponent. Agog didn’t want to fight, and he didn’t want to leave the protection of the nice safe valley. Either would be suicide. So he just wrapped another wet bearskin around his head and groaned.

Suddenly his face lit up like a

light—giving the lie to the quite dim bulb behind it. He had an Idea . . . The IDEA!

His plan was quite simple. The usual diet of his tribe was dead mammoth—very dead mammoth, that had died of natural causes . . . lingeringly. He proposed to dig a trap and catch alive a nice, fresh, delicatessen-store mammoth. It would be a striking change from the usual fare. It might even make him popular with the Chief.

Agog decided it would be best to keep his brain-child to himself. So one fine morning he went into the woods and dug a trap. He dug—and dug—and dug till he felt like an earth-worm. After three days of hard labor, he slunk back to the camp and found the Chief had gone off on a hunting-trip. He gleefully told of his idea to Josephine and his

friends. What a nice surprise a mammoth would be to the chief when he returned home!

Suddenly, they heard a yell—a blood-curdling scream from the part of the wood where Agog dug his trap. He had caught a mammoth already! Surely nothing but a mammoth could make such loud noises. On tiptoe the entire camp crept into the woods. Agog, gleefully went up to the trap and looked in at the angry animal inside. Then he jumped five feet, turning in the air, and streaked up the valley as fast as he could run. He ran so fast past the den of the sabre-tooth tiger that the cold air of his passage hung icicles on the feline's whiskers.

No, my children, he hadn't caught a mammoth.

He had caught the Chief.

D. P. Kenefick, '39.

FOUR INVENTIONS DESIGNED TO AID STRUGGLING SCHOLARS

(1) The flitchgobber. This little machine is no larger than a good-sized revolver, and may be easily carried in the pocket. When a teacher announces his determination to give a test, one has but to aim the flitchgobber at the instructor and push the button. Ray emanations produce violent super-sonics in the alimentary tract, causing the victim to leave at once for parts unknown, and for reasons best understood by himself.

(2) The gurbleflooper. This is similar in operation to the flitchgobber, but is used for recitations only. A modification of this is

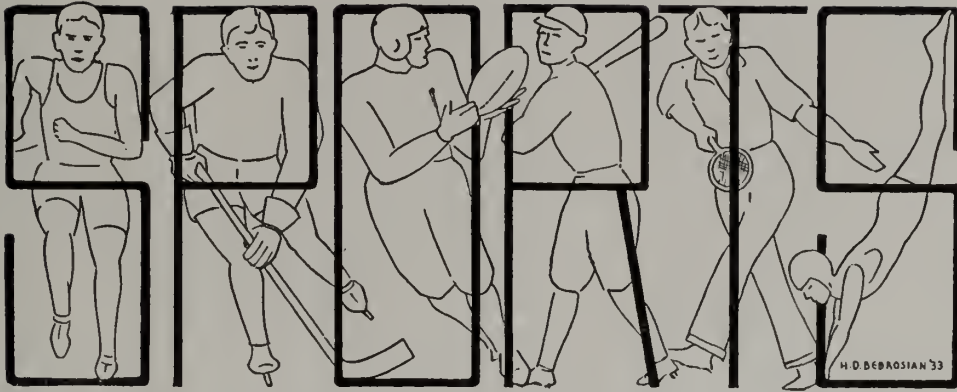
(3) The purplicky. This causes only loss of memory and turns the attention of the target to better ideas.

(4) However, this machinery serves only to delay ultimate fate. A much better device is a combination of the

gurbleflooper and the purplicky, plus a piece of improved mechanism. The recipient's brain is entirely subjugated to the telepathic influence of the person using the drooblesquipper, as this weapon is so quaintly termed. It is but necessary to point the drooble (for short), press the trigger, and think hard of the mark one would like to receive. However, this must be guarded carefully against misuse. For instance, the inventor was daydreaming . . . The teacher suddenly spoke, "One mark, for inattention!" Instinctively pressing the trigger of his invention, H—— still thought of the money he needed. The drooble did its work only too well. H—— was censured.

(These devices are not yet marketable, but about the year 1938 their effects will begin to be noticed.)

R. W. Alman, '38



CLOSE ENOUGH

On Friday, January 31, at the East Armory the track and field forces of Latin, Memorial, Trade, and Commerce vied with each other for distinction in the first quadrangular meet of the season.

Memorial waited just one year to avenge its defeat at the hands of the Purple runners; it did not win as easily as it expected. The final score was: Memorial, 121; Latin, 104; Trade, 59; Commerce, 25.

Memorial coasted in on the wings of a huge point score which it had garnered on the previous day through the medium of the field events.

Captain Finkelstein took an early lead in the class "A" 600-yard run and kept it for the remainder of the race, winning his specialty with yards to spare. In the "1000", Fred Beyer, displaying a remarkable finishing drive, was just nosed out at the tape by "Bill" Holland of Trade School. Stokinger in the "300" and Gillette in the hurdles were the only other point-winners in class A.

Crowley of Latin ran away with the B "300," and Rosenfield led the pack to the tape in the 600-yard run in the same class. In the dash, Celantano and O'Hara, both Latinites,

finished one-two behind Taylor of Memorial, while Cameron took the place position in the hurdles.

"Ed" Martin finished in a dead heat with Clark of Commerce in the class C dash, while Alkon and Wallace copped the "220" and the "440" respectively.

Kevin O'Connell continued on his winning way by coasting in to a victory in the class D "220." Kaufman and Halley finished right in back of O'Connell in this same race.

Promising work!

Lawrence Alexander, '36.

INDEPENDENTS WIN AND LOSE

On Saturday, January 25, the B.L.S. Independents journeyed over to Dilboy Field, Somerville, to meet the fast skating Somerville High School team, and were defeated 2-0 in quite an interesting game.

"Jake" Foran, Somerville wing, bulged the red light in the first period when he took a pass from Sena and beat "Bill" Higgins. In the final minutes of the game Morrissey poked the puck into the Latin net during a scrimmage to put the game on "ice." The all-round play of Higgins in the Latin net was little short of sensational.

Line-up for Latin was:—

L.W.—Berry (Hunt)
 R.W.—Carr (W. Murphy)
 C.—Mitchell (Rowen)
 L.D.—Dowd
 R.D.—Clay
 G.—Higgins

* * * *

Wednesday, January 29, saw a vastly improved Latin team take the ice against Newton Country Day School at Crystal Lake, Newton. Manager Saint shook up the lines in an attempt to find a scoring combination and had great success as the 4-3 score in favor of Latin warrants.

Paul Creighton was in the nets for Latin and turned in spectacular saves on difficult shots. "Bill" Hunt and "Tiny" Mitchell were the sparkplugs in the purple machine, Hunt scoring once and assisting in two other scores, while Mitchell dented the draperies twice.

The line-up for Latin:—

L.W.—Murphy (Rowen, McGrath)
 C.—Mitchell (Higgins, Carr)
 R.W.—Hunt (Berry, Mulcahy)
 L.D.—Dowd
 R.D.—Clay (Tully)
 G.—Creighton

John F. Beatty, '37.

... LATIN BANNERS FLY!

In the quadrangular meet with Dorchester, Trade, and Boston Commerce, at the East Armory, Feb. 5, Latin won its first meet of the season, amassing a total of 65 points. Dorchester and Trade followed, having 56 and 47 points respectively. Commerce finished a poor fourth with 19.

In the Senior Division, the purple-clad runners scored in only three events. Captain "Joe" Finklestein,

according to custom, won the "600" again, taking the lead at the start and staying out in front all the way. "Johnny" Stokinger, sole Latin point-getter in the "300," came in second. In the "1,000," "Freddy" Beyer was accidentally clipped by Holland of Trade and, when he got up was in last position. However, as the laps went by, Beyer was seen closing up more and more to come in a good third.

Ronald Cameron took third place in the Class B hurdles. The dash proved to be more beneficial to the Latin team. "Jack" O'Hara took second, followed by Celentano. It was the closest finish of the day, and the judges were at their wits' ends to pick out the winners. "Joe" Crowley again showed that he is the cream of the schoolboys in the "300" as he flirted with the Regimental record of 36.2 seconds. "Dick" Buckley, football letterman, chased his teammate home to land in second place. "Red" Rosenfield ran a beautiful race, but had to be content with second place in the "600."

Class C proved to be the winner in the number of points. Struzzerio and "Fran" Logan came in second and third respectively in the hurdles, while "Eddie" Martin breezed home in the dash. To keep the "ball rolling," "Gerry" Alkon took first in the "220," with O'Leary easing into fourth position. The climax came when "Jack" Wallace tied the record in the "440."

The boys of Class D monopolized the "220," with "Joe" Kaufman, Halley, and Kevin O'Connell finishing one, two, three. In the "176," Haley and "Red" Radley garnered third and fourth positions.

John F. Beatty

MALDEN TRIUMPHS

The Latin School Independents went down in glorious defeat on February 8, losing to a strong Malden High sextet by the not too inglorious score of 5 to 1, considering the poor condition of the Latin School team, riddled by injury and illness. "Jack" O'Brien, playing his first game in a month, turned in a really brilliant performance at the net, making spectacular saves that prevented a much higher score for the Maldenites.

Latin was forced to play a veritable iron-man game. Big "Jack" Mitchell alternated bravely between two positions, and kept fighting till his stamina gave out during the latter part of the contest. Noteworthy of laudatory mention are the dependable Messrs. Hunt, Carr, Berry, and Captain Dowd.

The team showed great promise. Further practice and a few "breaks" from Lady Luck will establish it where it belongs, among the top-notchers.

Line-up for Latin was:

Berry, Rowen, r.w.
Carr, Mitchell, c.
Hunt, l.w.
Dowd (C), r.d.
Mitchell, Berry, l.d.
O'Brien, g.

PURPLE SPLINTERS

When Jake Murphy entered the 101st Infantry Armory Friday, January 24, the entire Latin track team surrounded him in their ecstasy. "Jake" is now in Miami for the winter months, having left Boston the last day of January. He declares that he will be back for classes in the spring. . . . The manner in which "Red" Rosenfield has been winning in the Class B 600 marks him as a

definite contender in the Reggies. . . . "Tom" Murphy has been chosen manager for the 1936 football season to succeed "Billy" Muldoon. . . . The relay team, consisting of Rosenfield, "Joe" Finkelstein, Crowley, and "Freddy" Beyer, licked that of English High in the Knights of Columbus Meet, by means of a marvelous spurt by Beyer, the anchor man, in the final lap. . . . The Independents' forward line of "Billy" Murphy, Mitchell and "Bill" Hunt, with "Jim" Dowd and "Bill" Carr on the defense, could hold their own against any New England High School hockey team. . . . Speaking of hockey players, Fred Moore, captain of the current Boston College sextet, and Paul Moore, star goalie for the Frosh outfit, have both graduated from this school. Their brother Gerry, now a Boston sports writer, also played hockey before them at Latin and B. C. . . . The Rifle Team goes into action shortly, having arranged tentative meets with Malden, Watertown, English and Norwood High schools. The team is under the supervision of Major Lannon, drillmaster at English High, and practices every Friday night. . . . Officers are David Grove, president; Fred King, vice-president; and Vincent O'Gorman, secretary-treasurer.

Fred Beyer, anchor man extraordinary, was rated the fourth outstanding runner at the Casey games at the Garden a fortnight ago. . . . This column's best bet, outside of "Discovery," would be Finkelstein in the "600" any old time. . . . "Ed" Martin broke the Reggie dash mark in the Memorial meet, but had to be content with a tie for first place.

(The degradation of it!) . . . One of the few shining lights in the D class is Kevin O'Connell. . . Two wins in two starts isn't bad at all. . . "Dick" Buckley is improving daily as a high jumper. . . Go to it, "Dick"! . . . Yes, thank you, the hockey team is coming along. . . Thus far, the ledger shows two wins and an equal number of losses. . . Paul Creighton showed the Country Day boys that ability is not limited to big strapping boys when he played a great game as custodian of the nets. . . Seen at the Knights of Columbus games: "Bucky" Gore, former Latin great, burning up the boards while running the anchor leg for Bates' relay team.

. . . "Vin" Santosuosso, B.L.S. '35, piloting the Crusader Frosh to a hair-raising win over Jack Ryder's Eaglets. . . Eustace Scannell, '34 turning in one of the fastest quarters as a member of the "B" relay team from B. C. . . Oh, yes, the Latin Senior relay team beating an unknown e.h.s., and the Juniors almost coming in third in their race. . . Last, but not least, "Dan" Dacey posing as a newspaper man to get into the meet and finally landing a seat on the roof. . . That is all! . . . The track team certainly misses the services of "Dick" Powers, who is out of action because of injuries. Hurry up and get better, "Dick"!

"Tootle With Vigor If He Obstacles"

Since China is the most populous nation on the earth there is nothing strange in the fact that rigid traffic regulations are required. There has recently come to hand a set of rules conspicuously posted in a city near to Peiping. Here they are:

1. At the rise of the hand policeman stop rapidly.
2. Do not pass him by or otherwise disrespect him.
3. When a passenger of the foot hove in sight, tootle the horn; trumpet at him melodiously at first, but if he still obstacles your passage, tootle

him with vigor and express by word of mouth the warning, "Hi, hi!"

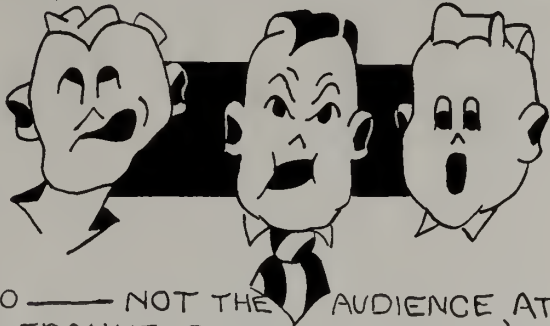
4. Beware the wandering horse that he shall take fright as you pass him by. Go soothingly by.
5. Give big space to the festive dog that shall sport in the roadway.
6. Avoid entanglement of dog in your wheel spokes.
7. Press the brake at foot as you roll around the corner to save collapse and tie-up.
8. Go soothingly on the grease mud as there lurks the skid demon.

—*The New York Sun*



DAYS of DAZE

by C.M. SAVAGE



EVER TAKE
CHLOROFORM?

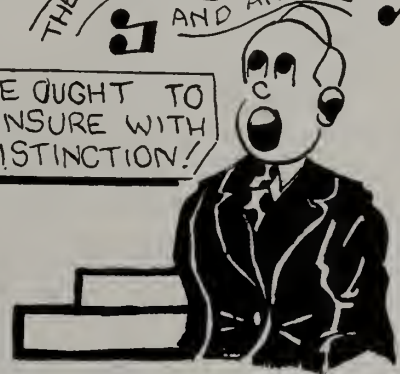
NO! WHO
TEACHES IT?

NO — NOT THE AUDIENCE AT
A FRANKENSTEIN THRILLER; IT'S THE
GLEE CLUB MURDERING SILENCE AGAIN
AS THEY PREPARE TO PRODUCE
THE "MIKADO"

HOW CAN
THESE FRESHMEN
BE SO DUMB?

THE MUSIC GOES DOWN
AND AROUND

OW! HE OUGHT TO
GET A CENSURE WITH
DISTINCTION!



A CASE
OF HISTORY
REPEATING ITSELF

ONE TEACHER
SUGGESTED THAT IT
WASN'T THE SONG THAT
WAS SO BAD; BUT THE WAY
IT WAS SUNG.



HOW TO
GET ON A
STREETCAR
IN 3
EASY
LESSONS

IT SEEMS
THAT THIS
MIGHT BE
A MORE
PRACTICAL
SUBJECT

POET'S NOOK

DARK STREET
BANANA PEEL
FAT MAN
VIRGINIA REEL



The big day was on. The wonderful, gigantic bridge connecting two of the country's largest cities was being formally opened. At the height of the celebration, when hundreds of people had thronged onto the bridge, the center span, with a crash to be heard for miles, fell into the river, a mass of twisted girders and human bodies. The frenzied mayor, seeing the engineer, dashed up to him, and cried wildly, "Look what you have done!"

The engineer, without emotion, regarded him thoughtfully, and then murmured: "Hm! I had a hunch all along that the decimal point was in the wrong place."

Sunday -motorist: "That's an attractive village we're coming to, wasn't it?"

Teacher: "What happens when there is an eclipse of the sun?"

Algernon: "A great many people come out to look at it."

And then there's the one about the absent-minded professor (of course) who, walking home through a cornfield, passed a scare-crow.

The professor beamed and raised his hat. "Good evening," he said heartily. It was then that he realized, a bit vaguely, that he had addressed a bundle of straw. He stopped dead, turned, and added: "Oh, I beg your pardon."

Say, what did you do about those spots before your eyes?

Why, I went to a doctor's.

Did he do anything for you?

Oh yes, he gave me a pair of glasses. I can see the spots much better now.

A favorite violin player was invited to dinner. The host, with assumed carelessness, added: "By the way, you might bring your violin."

"Why, thank you, no. My violin never dines," said the musician.

The laziest man in the world is he who sat up watching the seismograph, waiting for an earthquake to shake down the folding bed.

A Bostonian was showing an English friend around the town.

"This," he said, "is Bunker Hill Monument—where Warren fell, you know."

The visitor ran his eye up the lofty shaft and then said sympathetically: "Nasty fall, eh! Killed 'im, of course?"

Hubby had fallen down the steps, and his wife was anxiously bending over him.

"Oh, Tom, did you miss a step?" she inquired with much concern.

"No," he growled. "I hit 'em all."

WILL-POWER

A new month has begun, and I have resolved to delve into the study of Cicero, Anabasis, etc., to an extensive degree. After those frequent emaciated and spectral 30's, I am become a new man. I am—ahem—about to develop my will-power.

Now, you say, what is this thing called "will-power"? It is what it takes not to do something when you want to do it very badly, or conversely, to do something when you don't want to do it very badly. Take the second case, for instance. I don't want to chop wood very badly, and hence, if I can keep away from it, it will demonstrate that I have real will-power—that really seems to work out more easily than I thought it would.

Now, you consider what I have done. I have sworn off movies. This is because I am very fond of movies, and I should learn to deny myself. Hence, I will show my will-power by turning down an invitation to a show.

The way I do this is not to think about the movies. If I were to start to think about movies right now, instead of thinking about the Tudor kings and queens of England, which I am thinking about, then it would go

hard with me. I mean thinking how good a thrilling mystery picture would be with a lengthy vaudeville program, and maybe a few additional short subjects to go with it. Why, in a short time I'd want to go to that movie, and then I'd have a mighty tough time.

No sir, I am dismissing a movie from my mind. Am I going to go about visualizing that show? Am I going to sit here and let my fancy roam toward the cinema and tell myself that there is a long, interesting show at the Paramount right now? No! What I am going to do is swear off shows right soon—tomorrow, in fact.

And the reason that I am choosing movies is that I like them better than anything else. Yes, and I'm not going to take any chances, either. I am going right down now and see that show before swearing off, just in order to make sure it will be harder than anything else to swear off. In fact, I'm going to see it twice. I want my will-power to have the severest possible test.

Wilfred X. Jean, '37



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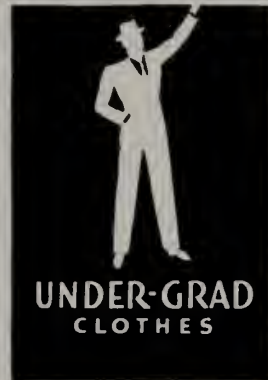


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